

## All Ireland Review

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Irish House Names

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Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 20 (Jun. 1, 1901), p. 151

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545399>

Accessed: 22/06/2014 18:41

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The love for the actual soil of a country which makes the tragedy of this old Breton poem, is as strong to-day as ever; the Highland crofter clings to his barren mountain-strip as tenaciously as if happiness in a life to come depended on the possession of it, and the Irish peasant would rather starve in his own country than be rich elsewhere. The tie between the land and the people is no fanciful one, it is very real, and cannot be broken with impunity. Emily Bronte found it impossible to live away from the moor-land, and men who leave the Highlands are often attacked by a strange malady, a longing which eats away their strength but they must revisit their native hills or die.

Fiona MacLeod has put some of this longing into the little poem she calls

“H O M E.”  
O heart that is breaking,  
Breaking, breaking,  
O for the home that I canna, canna win!  
The weary aching,  
The weary, weary aching  
To be in the home that I canna, canna win!

For O the long home sickness,  
The long, long home sickness!  
’Tis slow, slow death for me who longs  
for home, for home!  
And a heart is breaking,  
I know a heart that’s breaking  
Ail to be at home at last, to be at home  
at home!  
O Eilidh, Eilidh,  
Home, Home, Home!

Perhaps the note of longing is after all the one most characteristic of the Celtic spirit. The heroes have come back, the glory flashes again upon the mountains, the ancient quiet dwells within the woods, but the heart of the Celt is restless as ever. In vain the Sidhe chant songs of ageless youth—their voices sound coldly on his ears; he dreams of a peace deeper than the peace of the gods. The home-sickness is on him, and he would start again upon the quest of things immortal. Again he would venture on those mysterious waters which lie between the human soul and the eternal—strong, shoreless waters darker than night, yet flashing with a radiance beyond the dawn, known by a hundred names, but never yet by the true one; waters of Life, waters of Death, waters of Judgment. Perhaps the Celt will lose himself upon them, perhaps he will cross triumphantly nursing the hero-flame of his valour—come what may he is determined to embark, and the song of his setting forth has been given us by T. W. Rolleston:—

There are veils that lift, there are bars  
that fall,  
There are lights that beckon and winds  
that call—  
Good-bye!  
There are hurrying feet, and we dare  
not wait  
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,  
The circling hour of the flaming gate—  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

Fair, fair they shine through the burn-  
ing zone—  
The rainbow gleams of a world un-  
known:  
Good-bye!  
And oh! to follow, to seek, to dare,  
When, step by step, in the evening air  
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair!  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The cloudy stair of the Brig O Dread  
Is the dizzy path that our feet must  
tread—  
Good-bye!  
O children of Time—O Nights and  
Days,

That gather and wonder and stand at  
gaze,  
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!  
The music calls and the gates unclose,  
Onward and onward the wild way goes—  
Good-bye!  
We die in the bliss of a great new birth  
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,  
O fading loves of the old green earth,  
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

THE CLADDAGH INDUSTRY.  
Galway.

DEAR MR. O’GRADY,  
I was hoping to be able to say that the Claddagh boys and myself had now made some arrangement for a supply of little boats to meet the demand. I regret I cannot say so quite yet. Just as there is a season for the spinning of tops, so there is a season for the sailing of boats, and the fine weather does not seem to have made the season start any sooner. The little boats, at all events, are not yet procurable. And the only boat-builders that I have been able to discover are men, not boys, and their boats are good big ones. There is one, for instance, which we have already sold through “A. I. R.,” and it is to go off to-day, to a patriotic lady in the Black North, who is going to have it christened Wave-Sweeper, after the boat, you know, that the sons of Turann went in. Now this boat is 40 inches long, over all, an ugly-looking craft if you compare her with boats made to sell, but then she is made to sail, and is, I believe, fast and trustworthy. We are charging 9s. 8d. for it. The owner was very poor, and anxious to part with his boat. If we can get a supply of this large size I think they must cost a little more, but they will be good value. The Claddagh men sail them sometimes right out in the bay, following themselves in their “Lookah.” I will communicate with you again about the boats, small or large—am doing all I can in the matter.

Good luck to your knitting industry! and “more power to your elbow.” Will you allow me to express my earnest hope that the correspondence between you and Mr. Moran will not go on much longer? I open both “A. I. R.” and the “Leader” each week with fear and trembling now on account of this pseudo-religious controversy. I should like to send you a critique on Eglinton’s Pebbles from the Brook, as I consider that these essays are of real value but then I object as strongly as “Imaal” does to some things said therein. And I am too busy to write, being one of the busiest of the men who dwell in the Land of Afternoon. Believe me, yours faithfully,  
W. F. TRENCH.

Dear Mr. Trench. We all owe you a debt of gratitude. I do think you may make Claddagh famous for that beautiful industry. Try and put everything on a business footing, with absolutely nothing of the nature of “charity” in it.—Ed.

Has any one written complaining of not having received the issue for May 18th?—Ed.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

A STORY AND A MORAL.  
Gracchus when in the name of the Roman people he resumed possession of the public lands of Rome planted them with tenants, State tenants, who paid as rent to the State a tithe of the produce. To keep in check the malignant activities of the usurers he entailed all the holdings and gave the fee-simple to the State. The Senate proposed the ab-

rogation of that law and to transfer the fee-simple from the State to the tenants, so that the latter might mortgage or sell or run in debt to the full value of their holdings. The tenants approved of the Senatorial proposal, they turned against Gracchus, and as we all know broke his remarkably fine head with boards and benches.

A MESSAGE FROM THE NORTH.

The warm air of the South is too much for you, so come and take a spin up here, and open your lungs to the sea breezes of our Northern coast. What was good for Sorley Boy and made a warrior of Shane and Diomas must be good for you. You won’t see a “Sour Face” in the county, but a “long lip” may be frequently noticed. Such untrue and bigotted names are unworthy of any movement, and unworthy means never gain noble ends.

B.

Yes, but after a protest or two not worth bothering about. Shall start very soon for that North land—so brave, tender, and true.—Ed.

IRISH HOUSE NAMES.

As no Gaelicist has replied to the request of your correspondent of the 18th. May for suggested house names in Irish, I offer the following, according to his description of the locality, subject to correction:—  
fán feupac—Grassy slope.  
Teac (boit) na mbán—House (cottage) in the fields.  
Cult na srapann (srapab) Nook of trees (branches).  
Coilt na téana—Grove of the meadows.  
Staire na téana—Brook do  
fán na gréme—Sunny slope.  
Sput “ “ stream  
Cluain na gréme “ meadow.  
Sput (coilt, cult, srapann) ceiteabairt—Stream (wood, nook, trees) of warbling.  
Coilt na n-éan—Birds wood.  
Cluain “ “ meadow.  
The list might be largely extended, according to the kind of the trees in question, or of the flowers growing in the field.  
G. S. B.

Chancellor & Son,

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